Duxbury. June 22. 1840

My Dear Deborah,

Aunt Mary, Luiretia & I started last Tuesday for this place, in Mr Cowings carryall. Our ride was easy till we reached Smiths. There our horse stopped & all endeavours to get him along were vain, till a chaise fortunately passing us at that time we were enabled to follow that till within 9 or 10 miles of Duxbury. As we stopped to feed the ungrateful beast, the chaise left us & after that, it was by the greatest exertion that we reached Duxbury. The horse would come to an entire stop & then either Aunt Mary or Luiretia were obliged to get out and lead him. He would then start off for a mile or two & stop again. Thus we teamed along till we came to Ruth Delano's and then he would go for no body's leading, so we hired a man to take his waggon & go before us; then our horse started off briskly. Elizabeth we found very poorly; all the rest as usual. Capt S. is somewhat altered in his personal appearance & seems a good deal broken to pieces. Wednesday, the Bradfords, Richard Soule & his fiancée Miss Morison, a Genoese Dr Wilde of Hingham who sang be knows Caroline and Mrs Sylvanus were invited to tea here. The Bradfords were well informed as to the aspect of the cause and appeared quite thorough. They did not think that Cunning had misled many, but that the battle in itself had discouraged the people generally. I forgot to say that on Wednesday morning we rode through the town, saw Gen Thomas Lewis's new house; it is meant for a handsome affair but it too much resembles a hotel; the grounds round it are laid out very prettily & the cellar cost $10,000. Thursday afternoon we took tea at Sylvanus'. He was gone to the Worcester Convention. Only ourselves were there save the young men. Joseph Sampson, R. Soule &

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Friday. Mr & Mrs James Soule were here to dine tea. Others such as the Freemans & Chas Soule's folks were asked but could not come. Mrs Soule holds fast the faith very thoroughly. I excused myself from her long enough to ride with Aunt Mary to the Post office hoping to get a letter from you. None came but the Liberals did. I did not consider it a very nice Liberals, but still I was very glad to get it. I felt truly troubled by Mrs Collins' death. I was sorry on her own account. I dare say Collins will get over it well enough. I hope he will get a housekeeper & settle down, for I take it for granted he will marry again by the end of a year. At night Sylvanus came from Worcester, as carried away by politics as though he had been a boy of ten. Saturday morning Lucretia & Aunt Mary started for home. Mrs Soule & I accompanying as far as Ruth Delano's which is about 4 miles from here. The horse (Lucretia's) would not go unless we went before, but at Ruth's they started off alone & we returned. What we depended on to get them home was the Duxbury stage which would overtake them in a few minutes and behind which they could go. I suppose they reached home safely, but do not of course know. Sat night Elizabeth & I went to the Post office & got yr letter. I was truly rejoiced to hear that the work was done, but when I found it was a girl, I felt somewhat bad, as if my determination was what had settled the question. Do not be too much in a hurry as to the name. I think Gertrude very good but if there be strong opposition in any quarter I would give it up. It might be named Caroline or Emma or even Maria. The name of Hester does not occur in any of the children's names. Caroline Hester Chapman would not be amiss. or Harriet Martineau even. As to Mrs Southwick's behaviour I am only astonished at Maria's sending the woman to her. I hold a Standard from Mary. Give my love to her & tell her I was greatly obliged. Why don't the children write some thing for it. Sunday morning, Miss Howland drove me to the Methodist church (the Unitarian

are having a new one) where I heard our old friend Bridge. He is half and half with regard to the cause I learn. He preached a boring sermon. In the afternoon I heard Mr Beedy at the Universalist meeting - Stupid heresy and description. I also wrote two sonnets & rode with Mrs Soule after tea as far as the P. O. to put in a letter. I have read a good deal since I came here, & when I tell you that the weather has been fine, that I have had nothing to do, that goodies are being made from ~~the~~ morning till night & every thing done for my convenience you will think I am having a most excellent time. See how people may mistake. I have hardly ever suffered more in a given period. I have had such an attack of that complaint of Miss Gray's that I have hardly been able to sit up and all this coming and going has been done either in great pain, or when I was more fortunate, in terrible languor and weakness. Putting that complaint aside, I am as desperate poor & weak as water & looking like any shark. I must do some thing or other for myself or I shall look worse than any body ought to, even at my time of life. I long to get back to Weymouth I assure you. It is so hard to be sick away from home. I expect Aunt Priscilla & Mary home soon & that they will stay till Thursday when we shall go back together. I shall write to Dr T. while I am here. Mary Soule is at Cambridge or Dedham. Capt S. is in a pretty opposed state of mind & too much broken up for me to do much with him. I do not think I shall be able to get any subscribers to the Standard. E. promised to take me to call on Seth Sprague. I shall present him with the copy Mary sent me. As I shall go home so soon you need not write to me here again but send to me at Weymouth & tell me every thing. I want to hear the particulars of Mrs Collins' death. I suppose you have heard of Chas Sprague's death (Peleg's son) He died at Savannah having been sick but a few months. Give love to all, especially to little Clara, to whom I shall still address yes in Pain & weakness and worn out nerves A. W. W.

Ms. A.9.2.13.91

broken some coffee & lain down. Lucia sent me Dr Z's letter. I thought him a little crazy to fill up a whole sheet with such stuff but I suppose his wrath boils up like a volcano. I forgot to say that in addition to my other crosses I have been deaf as a post ever since I have been here.

Yrs A

Rev'd Deborah Weston
C/o Chapman & Co.
Boston.
Mass.

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Monday noon.

I have broken open my letter to tell you that Aunt Mary and Aunt Priscilla have just arrived. Aunt P. seems to hear it (the journey about as well as one might think. She has